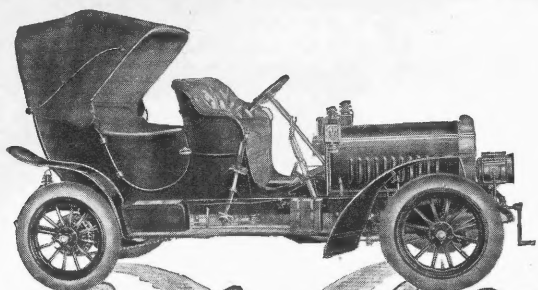


L I F E





Columbia

35-40 H. P. Mark XLV Gasoline Cars

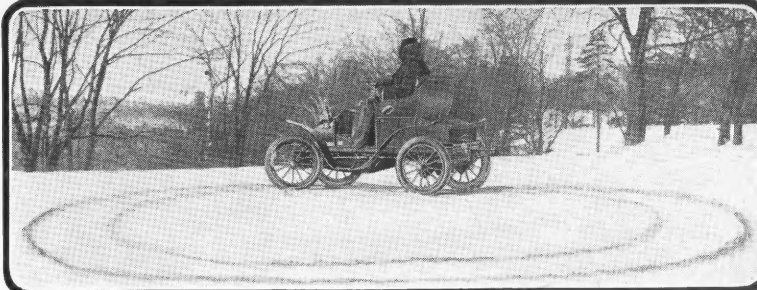
Standard Side Door Entrance,	\$4,000	Double Victoria	\$5,000
Royal Victoria	\$5,000	Landaulet	\$5,500
Limousine			

18 h. p. Light Touring Car	\$1,750
Electric Victoria Phaeton	1,330
Light Electric Runabout	900

In the development of **Columbia Cars** improvement has been added to improvement, betterment to betterment, until in our 1905 models we have a uniformity of excellence covering motive apparatus, control and body appointments, that can be found on no other automobiles.

Catalogue of Columbia 35-40 and 18 h. p. Gasoline cars will be sent on request; also separate catalogue of Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Commercial Vehicles.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY
OF HARTFORD CONN.
134 WEST 39th ST. 74 STANHOPE ST. 1413 MICHIGAN AVE.
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO
MEMBER ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MFRS.



The Handy Autocar Runabout

Its remarkable ease of control and the limited space in which it can be turned and handled, together with its lightness and power, make the Autocar Runabout the ideal car for use in crowded streets, for short quick trips in city or country, and for all other two-passenger work.

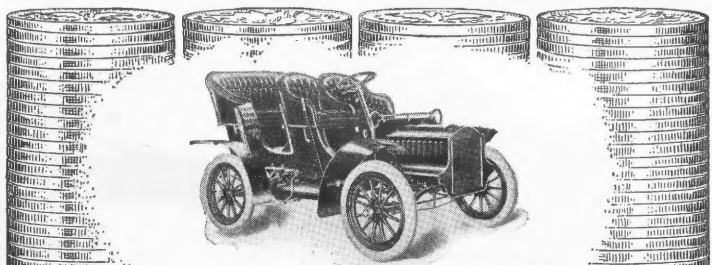
Owners of large four or five-passenger cars find it economy to keep an Autocar Runabout to save wear and tear on their big cars when only two passengers are to be carried.

The Autocar Runabout is positively the best runabout built. It has a 10-horse power, two-cylinder horizontal opposed motor; the motor is located under the hood in front, where it is instantly accessible; it has shaft and gear drive; three forward speeds and reverse.

New catalogue descriptive of Runabout (Type X), \$900; Type VIII, Rear Entrance Tonneau, \$1400, and Type XI, Four-Cylinder, Side Entrance Tonneau, \$2000, and dealer's name sent on request.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



Model F Touring Car, \$950, f. o. b. Detroit.

HOW DOLLARS ARE SAVED

WITH A

CADILLAC

Among all automobiles the Cadillac stands pre-eminent for its low cost of maintenance. Simple, durable, common-sense construction makes it truly the "Car of Economy." Because of simplicity of power-development and efficiency of transmission there is practically no energy lost in the Cadillac—a feature which alone reduces by a big percentage the cost of fuel, lubrication, etc. Cadillac mechanism is so carefully designed that the liability of damaging the motor or its connections through a mistake in manipulation is reduced to a minimum. Absolute control at all times is maintained more easily—with fewer things to think of—in the Cadillac than in any other machine. This makes it the safest, the most reliable and most easily operated of all motor cars.

Model F—Side-Entrance Touring Car, shown above, \$950.

Model B—Touring Car, with detachable tonneau, \$900.

Model E—Light, stylish, powerful Runabout, divided seat, \$750.

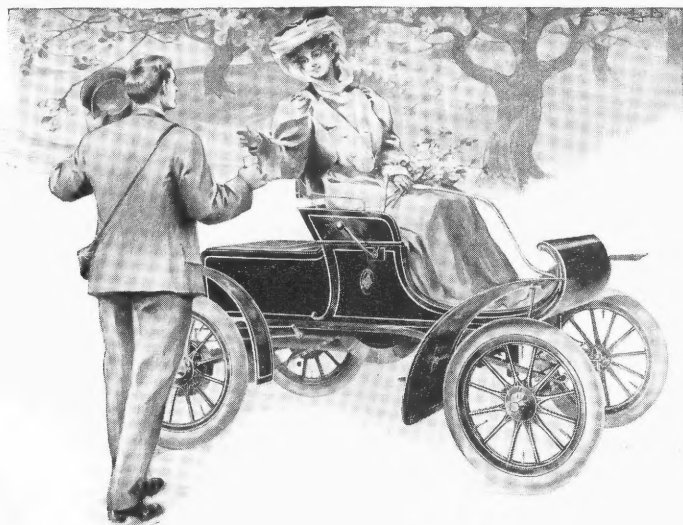
Model D—Four-Cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,800.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Write for Catalog R, and address of nearest dealer, where you can see and try a Cadillac.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



"Work while you work, play while you play"—the

OLDSMOBILE

is your best help in both. To the business man it has become a necessity—it doubles the value of time. To the pleasure seeker it has become indispensable—it doubles the joys of existence.

Our cars possess efficiency without complication. Are the most thoroughly tested cars on the market—have held to higher standards of quality.

Standard Runabout, 7 h. p., \$650
Touring Runabout, 7 h. p., \$750

Light Tonneau Car, 10 h. p., \$950
Touring Car, 20 h. p. (2 cyl.), \$1400

All prices f. o. b. factory. Write us for detailed specifications and information. Send for six months' trial subscription to Motor Talk, a monthly magazine devoted to automobile interests. Address Dept. J.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS

Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of A. L. A. M.

LIFE



Soulful.

SLENDER Sarah saw Sandy Simon sitting sadly. Simon said, "Sweet Sarah, so sunny, sing something soulful." So Sarah sang, "Sweethearts Still." Simultaneously Simon sang stentoriously.

Suddenly Sarah stopped singing. She saw snakes slowly sliding sidewise. She screamed, "Snakes, Simon! Strike strongly!" Simon's single shot struck squarely. Sarah shudderingly said, "Saved! Skillful Simon!" Simon simply said, "Serving Sarah seems sweet." Sarah simpered. Simon stood stupidly staring. Sarah satirically said, "Sappy Simon, so silent! Skip! Simply scoot!" Simon shrewdly scorned scooting.

Suddenly Simon spoke suppliantly, saluting Sarah's sunny strands. Sarah's senses scattered. Simon stammered, "Speak, seraphic Sarah!" Sarah shyly succumbed.

M. H. Sidman.

"**W**HAT sort of children has Dubber got?"

"The predigested kind."

"**H**ERE'S a penny, my man."

BEGGAR: Before I can accept it, sir, will you kindly show me a certificate as to your moral character?

THE APPROACH OF EASTER.

In the Spring.

"**C**AN'T I go out in the back yard and play in the garden, mama?"

"Certainly not, child. You must stay in and study your nature books."



"IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLV. APRIL 20, 1905. No. 1173.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



WE believe that anyone who expects awful disclosures from an investigation by the New York State Insurance Department of the Equitable Assurance Society will be disappointed. A first-class knockdown and drag-out fight has been in progress among the officers of the society. Discretion has been obliterated by animosity. The management of the greatest insurance company in the world has made itself ridiculous. It has been made clear that young Mr. Hyde, with his amusing ardor for notoriety, has been a thorn in the sides of some of the company's older officers. It has been demonstrated that it was time the affairs of the society were overhauled. So be it; but if the present directors of the Equitable are not fit to be trusted with the care of a great institution for savings, what hope can there be of gathering a group of men who are fit? So far as social and fiscal standing go, the present directors cannot be bettered. There may have been improper expenditures at the instance of Mr. Hyde or others, but if so, they were trifling. The funds of the company, which must be invested in something, have, perhaps, sometimes been invested in things which the directors have wished, for reasons not closely connected with the company's prosperity, to have bought; and loans have doubtless been made to enterprises that the directors had reasons to favor; but that bad securities have been

bought with the insurance money, or that securities have been bought at prices unduly favorable to the seller, or that loans have been made on bad security, will hardly transpire. The directors of the Equitable are men who know the rules of the game that it is their calling to play, and we have no doubt that they have observed them.



MORE things than kissing go by favor in this world. All sorts of opportunities are distributed on that same basis. The Equitable has had favors of such a vastly profitable quality in its gift, that the management has not unnaturally come to disagreement as to control of the disposition of them. With Aladdin's lamp in the society's vaults, what wonder that there should be jealousy as to who should boss the rubbing of it? There has been jealousy; enough for active private use, and a vast deal too much to spare for the public entertainment. Of all the shows, holy and secular, that have mitigated the Lenten season of 1905, the Equitable's has been the most engrossing and spectacular. *C'est a rire*, as Mr. James Hyde would say, and again *a rire*, and to keep on doing it. And yet there are points about this row that make it seem so much like an irrepressible conflict that was bound to come sooner or later, that sagacious observers will qualify their laughter with a good deal of sympathy. Is it not absurd that the domination of an enormous savings institution, having the care of nearly half a billion dollars belonging to six hundred thousand contributors, should have been vested in a few shares of stock that could be bequeathed by a man to his family? There seems to be general agreement that that is absurd, but that it came to pass in the case of the Equitable is nobody's fault.



IT was not part of the founder's original plan to bequeath a great insurance company to his family, but as things turned out, he did it. Young Mr. Hyde, inheriting a majority of the stock that controlled the Equitable, was in very much the same situation as a young prince who falls heir to the throne of an

autocrat in a country which is fully ripe for democratic government. Such a prince is bound to stand up for the divine right of kings as long as he can command any backing, but in the end, if he is wise, he adjusts himself as sagaciously as he may to constitutional government. It was natural that Mr. Hyde, being the energetic and vivacious person he is, should have tried to live up to the documents in his possession, and establish himself firmly as the ruling force in the concern his father founded. But because our habits of thought are inhospitable to the theory of hereditary autocracy, it was inevitable that, sooner or later, he would strike a snag. He seems to have realized the situation, and accepted the idea of representative government in the Equitable, to be combined with as large a fragment of his inherited autocracy as he can manage to save.



AND so, though at this writing the parrot and monkey drama is still on the boards at 120 Broadway, and though the result of the fight cannot be predicted in detail, nor can anyone mark in advance the precise point to which Mr. Alexander's gray hairs will be brought down, nor name ahead of time the day on which Mr. Hyde shall give up having his raiment fashioned in France, and garb himself like one of us, and part his beard, yet the main results of conflict are predictable. Investigation will show that the funds of the Equitable are where they ought to be; Mr. Hyde will give up as large a share of his autocracy as a necessary regard for public sentiment and the policyholders' wishes demands, Mr. Edward Harriman will abandon the intention of swallowing the society—if indeed he ever had it—Mr. Alexander will eventually retire and be succeeded by somebody else than Mr. Hyde, and meantime and all the time the policyholders will come as near getting all that is coming to them as folks ever do who employ other folks to take care of their money.



AT THE WEDDING.

"BOBBY, WHY DON'T YOU STAND UP?"

"ARE WE TO BE MARRIED, TOO?"

Achievement.

TWO young persons, once upon a time, were equally born with the literary bent.

One of these wrote a novel forthwith, and gained a certain ephemeral credit. His was among the six best-selling novels for precisely ten seconds by the stop-watches.

But the other young person went patiently to work and

learned how to garden before ever he put pen to paper. Thus he laid a broad and deep foundation for literary achievement. He was scarcely heard of until after he was nineteen, but thenceforth he produced a garden book every week.

The tilling of the soil is the basis of all genuine prosperity.



Life's Sunday-School Class.

PRESENT: *Teddy Roosevelt, Willie Bryan, Tommy Platt, Jacob Riis, Booker T. Washington.*

LIFE: Now, children, the text this bright, beautiful, glorious morning is, "I will make him a ruler over many cities." Is there any little boy present who knows what the word ruler means?

TOMMY PLATT: I know. It's de boss—de main guy.

LIFE: That is no doubt the more democratic meaning. But it is referred to here in its broader sense. Teddy, can you tell the class?

TEDDY: Sure. It means emperor. Any man who sits upon a throne, orders the sun and moon to stop and the Senate to kowtow to him.

WILLIE BRYAN: Say, teacher, he always was stuck on himself. He's the freshest boy in the whole class, anyway.

TEDDY: Shut up! I can lick you any day in the week. You're nobody, anyway!

LIFE: Order! Order!

LITTLE JACOB RIIS: Teacher, it ain't fair to allow anybody to say anything against my chum Teddy.

WILLIE BRYAN: Pooh! What'll you do?

JACOB: If you talk any more, I'll write another piece telling how much I love him.

WILLIE BRYAN: Please don't.

I'll be good. Go on, Teddy. What's a ruler?

TEDDY: A ruler is an emperor, who rides on horseback, lives in a large white house, and sallies out every morning to have a sham battle with the trusts. He puts on the gloves with anybody, and fights bears.

LIFE: Good. Now — hello, who's this?—a new scholar?

TOMMY PLATT: He can't come in here. He's black.

WILLIE BRYAN: What are you doing here?

BOOKER T. (who has just come in): Can't I sit here with you fellows?

WILLIE BRYAN: Not on your life. Do you want to queer us?

TEDDY: Sit down. It's all right. He's my chum.

TOMMY PLATT: Your chum? Does your uncle allow you to play with a little black boy?

TEDDY: My uncle ain't got anything to say about it. My uncle is here to take orders and throw me bouquets. Come, Booker, here's half of my apple.

LIFE: You see, children, what a generous, unselfish little boy Teddy is.

JACOB (*beginning to cry*): Boohoo! He loves him more than he does me. Boohoo!

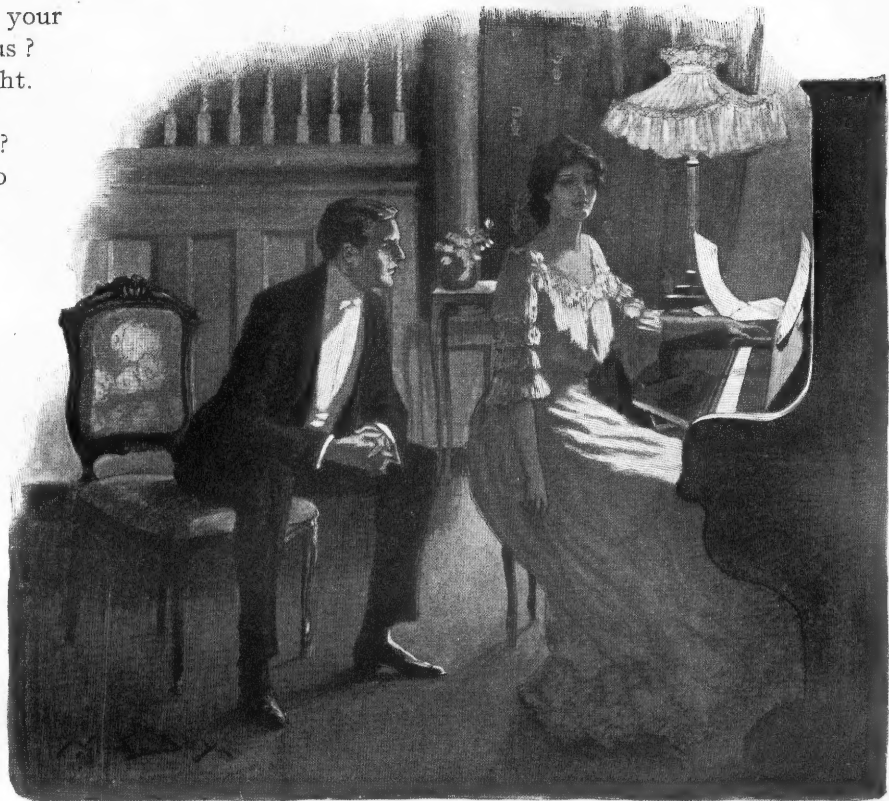
TEDDY: No, I don't, Jake. This is only a bluff. Say, teacher, do you want to know what a ruler is?

LIFE: Yes, indeed, I do.

TEDDY: Then let us off, and I'll play king with the rest of the boys and you can watch us and see.

LIFE: I hope you will do nothing naughty.

TEDDY: Don't be frightened. I know my business. Come, boys, we're off. Just you watch me and see what a king I am going to make out of myself.



POOR DEARS.

He: I DETEST RAG-TIME!

She: I hate it!

"THEN WHY DON'T YOU STOP PLAYING IT LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO TELL YOU THAT I—WHY DON'T YOU LISTEN?"

"I AM LISTENING—GO ON."

"BUT I *can't* GO ON—TO THAT RAG-TIME!"

"OH, DEAR! AND THIS RAG-TIME IS THE ONLY THING THAT WILL KEEP AUNT SUSAN OUT OF THE ROOM!"

New England: An Autumn Impression.

BY H—Y J—S.

Condensed from the *North American Review*.

LANDED Hoboken: cobblestones, puddles, constables with helmets on crooked. H—1!

To the Club of the Frolickers in Gramercy Park. Cool bockwater; brave, archaic, pathetic. Bohemian, rococo. Wet my whistle.

Bubble to boat. Rare collection of young men of business returning to their "homes." My first taste of Jersey. Huge, new houses; short, smart lawns; unmitigated publicity; innocent affirmation of wealth. Nothing else.

Got somehow to New Hampshire. Mountains; deep valleys; wide woodlands; forest-fringed slopes; far-seeing crests; liberal streams; lonely

lakes; abandoned farms. Feminine effect. No squire; no parson. No "form." Almost sophisticated dinginess of destitution.

More presently.

Revision.

THE late Pierre Lorillard figured that a gentleman couldn't live in New York on less than one thousand dollars a day.

But this was some years ago.

In the meantime flour, bacon, etc., have gone up.

Should not the estimate be revised, in justice to such as may contemplate becoming gentlemen and taking up their residence in New York?

BBETTER is an old horse where a dinner of herbs is, than a stalled automobile and no food therewith.



JEHU JITSU.

The Retreat.

THE Russ who fights and runs away
Will be Japanned some other day.

What He Overlooked.

"I MET Tom Lester downtown to-day," said Mr. Hazzit to his wife, "and he told me he expected to be married in a month or so."

Fifteen minutes later, after his wife had finished asking questions, Mr. Hazzit wrote as follows to his friend Lester:

"DEAR TOM:

"Please answer the following questions by return mail, special delivery. They cover some points I neglected to get from you:

"What is the name of the girl you are to marry?
"Where does she live?
"What does her father do?
"Where did you meet her?
"Has her father got any money?
"Did her father object?
"What did her mother say?
"Was it love at first sight?
"What kind of a girl would you take a fancy to, anyway?
"What in the world did she see in you?
"Is she a blonde or brunette?
"Would it be funny if she were red-headed?
"How old is she?
"Where are you going to live?
"Will you keep house or board?
"Does she know anything about house-keeping?
"What kind of a ring did you give her?
"Where did you get the money to buy the ring?
"Have you got a pretty good position?
"How did you and I come to be such friends?
"Are you going to invite us to the wedding?
"Will we have to give a present?
"Is it to be a church wedding?
"Where are you going on your honeymoon trip?
"Are you going on a honeymoon trip?
"Does she write to you every day?
"Do you write to her every day?
"Are you very much in love with her?
"Why did you stop going with Hattie Kaslimeier?
"Haven't you proposed to other girls?
"Did you look funny when you proposed?
"Did you ask her personally, or write your proposal?



OUR BOYS.

HALL.

HERE is our young friend Hall, who lives on the Isle of Man, where the cats have no tails. This is nothing against Hall, however, as he has tales to burn.

This little boy is very good indeed, and reads his Bible for plots. Sometimes he gets more plots than he can use, and then he has to wait to catch up. He isn't a bad little boy, his only faults being that he can't get rid of his face, and that he loves himself not wisely but too much. But this being a chronic ailment with him, it is not his fault and it is not right to blame him.

Hall is very fond of books, and makes them himself. They are not so durable as some other books we know

about, but he makes up in quantity what he lacks in quality. Hall travels a great deal, and going around as he does with himself, he has gotten used to himself, so to speak, so that he doesn't mind himself nearly so much as you would think he might. But then he reads, doubtless, all the nice ads. relating to him, which help him to keep on good terms with himself.

This little boy looks very much like Shakespeare, as you will notice. You probably wouldn't be able to tell them apart if you saw them together and they didn't speak or show you what they had written. And then you would, of course, notice Hall's superiority at once

"For goodness sake, is she going to let you keep on combing your hair as you do?

"Will you throw away those actresses' pictures in your office?

"Are you fickle?

"Do you think the engagement will be broken before the date set for the wedding?

"What is the date of the wedding, anyway?

"Do you think her father will give you a cash present?

"How often have you gone to see her?

"Is it that big tall girl you took to the theatre one night last winter?

"Who in the world can it be?

"Why didn't I ask you all this when you told me?

"Were you so excited you couldn't give me

any information, but simply had to rave about getting married?

"A prompt reply will help me to give the madam some much-desired information. Next time you tell me you are going to be married, don't think that is the really important feature about it.

"Yours hastily,

"FRED HAZZIT."

To Contributors.

IN our advertising pages will be found an announcement of LIFE's offer to writers of short stories.



MR. VAN DAMM EXPENSSE gave a delightful theatre party last Friday, consisting of twenty-two young people. They were only an hour or so late and presented a very pretty sight as they took their seats with much chatter and gay laughter. All were in high spirits and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The people on the stage seemed somewhat annoyed, and most of the audience left the theatre before the last act.

One man in the audience—and such men should be put out—had the bad manners to hiss just because Miss Chat-tor Loud and Miss Tootsie Talkie happened to laugh merrily for a long time during a critical part of the play. Both Miss Loud and Miss Talkie were much better dressed—more *chic* in every way—than the wife of the man who hissed.

Justor Kubb, who perhaps had taken too much champagne, was very amusing, and Miss Lulu Inkum, who sat next him, became quite hysterical with laughter. A fussy old gentleman who sat just in front of them, with his two daughters, called an usher and asked him to speak to Mr. Kubb. Of course, Mr. Kubb and the rest of the party merely laughed at him. The old gentle-

man and his two daughters left the theatre soon after, which was just as well. None of the party wanted them there, anyway.

There are sure to be cranks in every audience, however. Some peculiar persons, for instance, made themselves very disagreeable because members of Mrs. Van Damm Expensse's theatre



MRS. VAN DAMM EXPENSSE.

party prevented people behind from hearing the actors. But goodness! What are theatre parties for?

Among those whom Mrs. Van Damm Expensse chaperoned were Miss Sallie Boodle, Miss Chatter Loud, Miss Pussy Muchinprint and Miss Tootoo Kylling. Among the gentlemen were Dedleigh

Bohr, Jr., Heritage Doolittle, Mr. Whartor Kadd, Mr. Braynliss Pupp, F. Poorleigh Bredd and young Lord Drynkmore.

Mrs. Khantbee Satton, one of our ablest pushers, gave a lunch on Monday. She is no relation to THE Mrs. Satton, whose family have always been fashionable.

Mrs. Richern Mudd, whose second inside man has an unpleasant face on his outside, will attend a dinner party next Tuesday evening. She will return home when she feels like it, and will remove her jewels before retiring.

Mrs. Merger Hogg was seen on the Avenue last Tuesday afternoon. She was strolling leisurely along, looking at a shop window now and then, just like an ordinary person!

From an Author's Diary.

- A**PRIL 1.—Wrote book.
 April 2.—Book fell still-born from the press.
 April 3.—Had picture taken in cowboy hat.
 April 4.—Picture printed in all the literary journals.
 April 5.—Received a dozen ill-spelled letters from love-sick women.
 April 6.—Letters published.
 April 7.—Book among the

six best-sellers.

A Hard Worker.

SLIMSON: Willie, they tell me you have the reputation of being the worst boy in school.

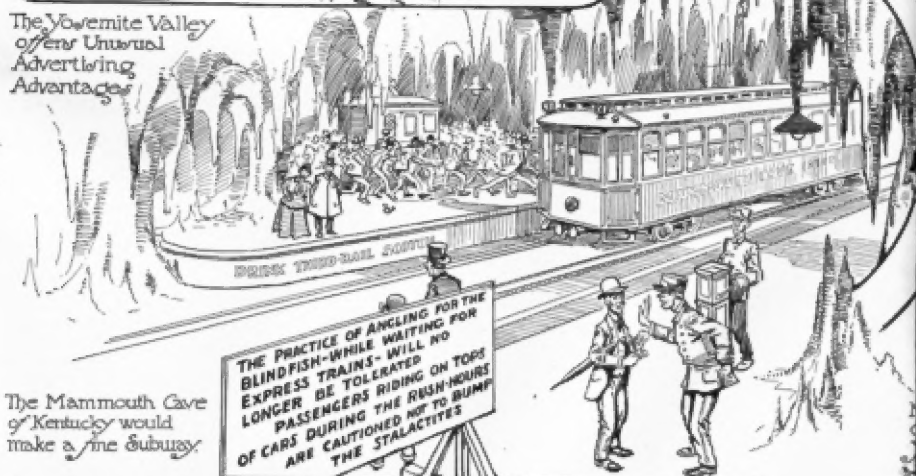
WILLIE: Yes, father, and I can tell you I didn't get it without a struggle.

PITTSBURG WAITER: How is the water, sir?

GUEST: Finest I ever ate.

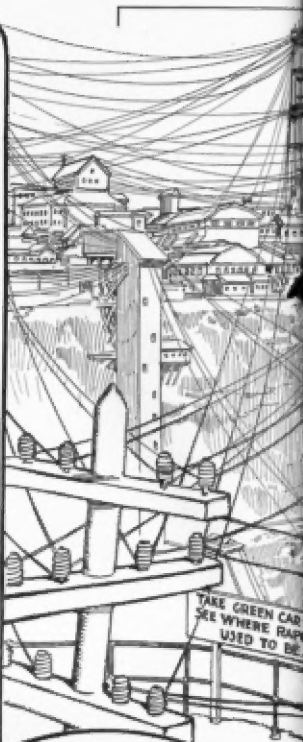


The Yosemite Valley
offers Unusual
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Advantages

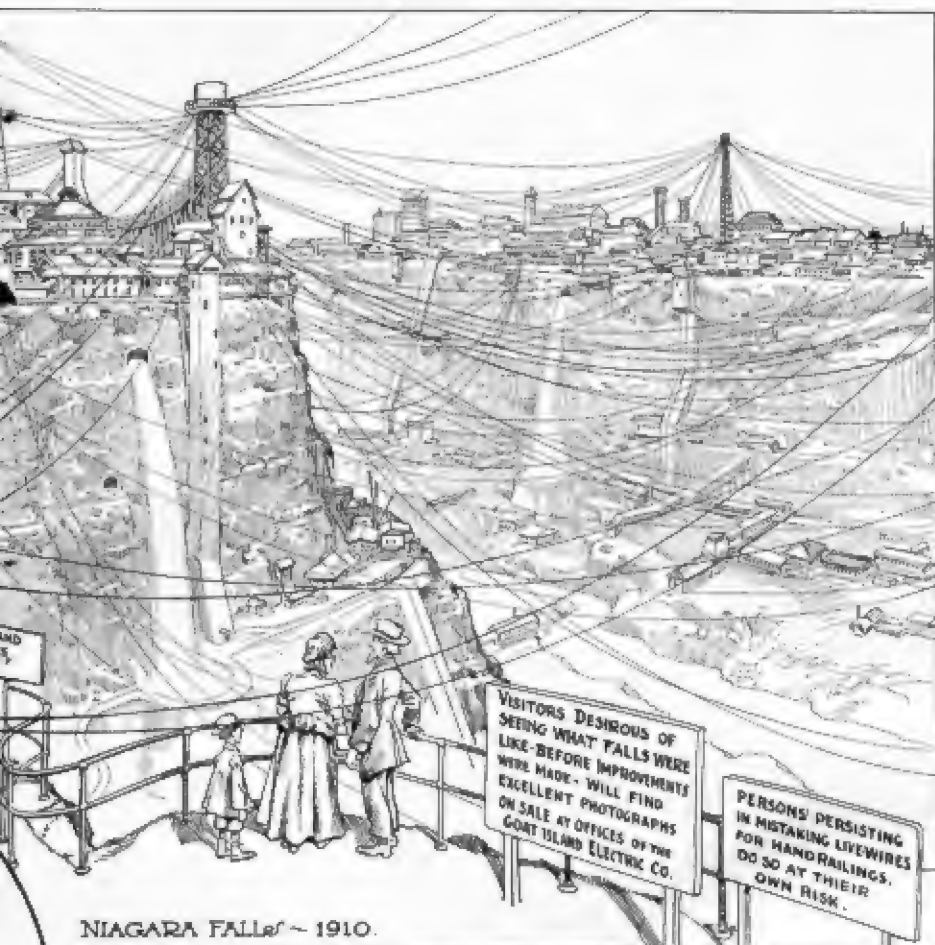


The Mammoth Cave
of Kentucky would
make a fine subway

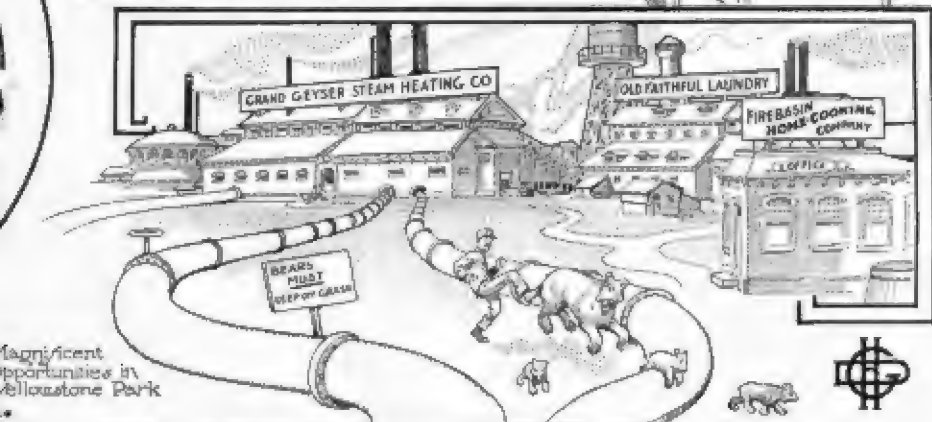
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WHY STOP W



NIAGARA FALLS ~ 1910.



Magnificent opportunities in Yellowstone Park



Another Peep Behind the Scenes.



LIFE did not overestimate the modesty of the Theatrical Trust when it stated that five per cent. of the gross receipts of every performance in every theatre in the United States is exacted from managers for booking companies in local theatres outside of New York. That mere bagatelle is a first charge on

the total receipts of companies where profits are uncertain.

Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger can do better than a mere paltry five per cent. of the gross receipts in the case of productions which have proved to be successful in New York and which are bound to make large and sure profits outside of the city. *Fifty per cent. of the profits* is considerably better than five per cent. of the gross. There has been some interesting litigation going on in the Supreme Court of New York lately, and some of the testimony is enlightening as to the men and methods that control dramatic art in America. It appears that Mr. Belasco wished to arrange a tour through the country for David Warfield in "The Auctioneer."

He went to Erlanger, he said, and told him he wanted a route, but Erlanger did not think much of Warfield, except as a Dutch comedian. Belasco said he was willing to stake his reputation on Warfield, and offered to give Erlanger \$300 or \$400, the usual rates for the season, and a small percentage. Belasco continued:

"Oh, to hell with percentages," said Erlanger. "I'll tell you what, Belasco, you let me in this and I'll make the managers swallow this fellow anyhow."

"It's not fair for you to hold me up by the throat," I replied, "after all I've done for you and the syndicate. Don't push me to the wall. It looks like blackmail."

"Don't you dare to say blackmail to me," he said. "If you want a route you've got to let me in on this right."

Belasco said he offered twenty per cent., but Erlanger was more than disgusted and retorted:

"I want half the profits, and if you don't give me that I'll crush you out of business. I'll kick you out of this theatrical business, and hereafter you won't get another thing. If I don't get half I'll crush you."

Belasco said he took a week to think it over and then told Erlanger he could see no escape from the proposition.

He said Klaw & Erlanger controlled practically all first-class theatres in the United States in 1900, and they wanted to crush him by refusing to book his plays except under certain conditions.

Q. Do you detest Klaw & Erlanger? A. I detest their methods.

Q. Why? A. I think Mr. Erlanger is the most abhorred man in the country.

He stated that Erlanger told him he must have fifty per cent. of the

profits of his productions, otherwise he would be crushed. Erlanger said to him:

"I will drive you out of the business, crush you! I am a mogul, I am a king!"

Belasco replied to him: "I know that, but I want a route. I don't care so much for money as for an artistic success."

"I would have struck him," Belasco continued, "if I was not at his mercy in the matter of booking. I wanted business for my star."

Under these circumstances he agreed to give Erlanger fifty per cent. of the profits, and then Erlanger smilingly said to him:

"You have been doing business with Charles Frohman. You have had enough of Frohman. He has robbed you right and left and treated you like a dog. Keep this agreement between us secret or the fellows across the street will raise—with us."

"The fellows across the street" were the miserable little five per centers in the Theatrical Trust who didn't quite grasp the fifty per cent. possibilities under a secret bargain.

"The Auctioneer" was not the only success Mr. Belasco was forced to book on the fifty per cent. basis. He testified that he was obliged to give up the same proportion of the profits of "Zaza," which proportion amounted to more than one hundred thousand dollars.

PLEASANT reading, my masters. Very pleasant reading for those foolish and deluded persons who cherish any idea that dramatic art has a future in this country. And what an alluring prospect this picture of the obstacles thrown in the way of artistic effort holds out to anyone



THAT DOESN'T GO ANY MORE.

IF YOU HAVE A LEANING TOWARDS SHADY FRENCH PLAYS,
TELL YOUR FRIENDS THE REAL REASON YOU GO;
YOU COULD ONLY BAMBOOZLE A BUNCH OF OLD JAYS
BY SAYING, "IT HELPS MY FRENCH SO!"

who seeks a career in the theatre as artist or dramatic writer!

It seems a pity that this Augean mess can't be cleaned out of the theatre by the introduction of some good, clean American brains and methods into the business side of theatrical affairs. There is no real reason why the theatrical business should not be quite as reputable as any other, and why it should not offer quite as good incentive and opportunities for a business career to enterprising young Americans. Its routine has no mysteries which cannot be quite as quickly solved by the beginner as those of any purely mercantile business. It has the advantage of being conducted on a spot-cash basis, that is, so far as its receipts are concerned. It is largely speculative in its nature, but that characteristic has never been an obstacle to the enterprising American. With proper intelligence and education cooperating with the artistic end, the adventurous element should be largely reduced.

To get into the theatrical business and to learn its rudiments may not, in the present state of that calling, seem very inviting to the young American, or to those who wish to guide his footsteps in the right direction. It does not seem possible that the present conditions can remain as they are very much longer. Attention once called to the possibilities of profit in it—and to the clear-headed and enterprising worker these are very great—some means will be found to rescue such an important financial interest from the disreputable control into which it has fallen.

* * *



THE old-time reproach, an inheritance of the days when, in the eyes of the law, actors were common vagrants, has passed away. Owing to this stigma and to the puritanical prejudice against the theatre as an institution, in days not so long past those connected with it in any capacity could not hope for social equality. In our time, and both abroad and



EDUCATION VS. SUPERSTITION

"YOUNG MAN, BEING SOLICITOUS OF YOUR WELFARE, I ADVISE YOU TO GLANCE AT THAT GOOD SIGN OVER YOUR *right* SHOULDER."

"SIR, ONLY THE IGNORANT BELIEVE IN SIGNS."

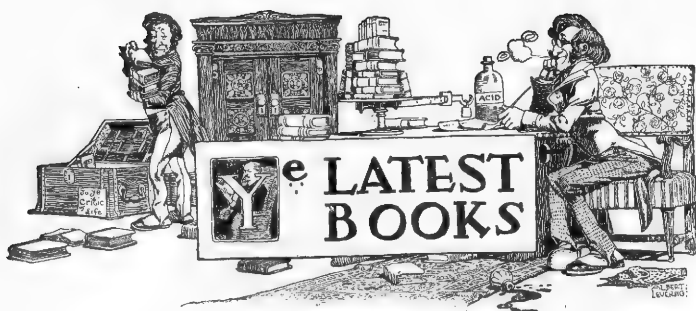
here, the theatrical connection is no longer a drawback if the individual is acceptable in other respects. In America to-day, through circumstances which, it is to be hoped, are only temporary, the greatest discredit which attaches to the theatre comes from the business end. Given good manners and good morals in the management, joined with even an ordinary amount of cultivation, no young man need hesitate to go into the theatrical business as he would into any other.

But just now no Americans, no Irish and no Baptists need apply.

* * *

MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, having failed to realize on his threat to kick the District Attorney and LIFE's representative out of his variety show, had to make good in some way. He has kicked himself out of the Theatrical Managers' Association.

Metcalf.



An anonymous writer, with an imagination extremely vivid but under excellent control, has chosen as the subject of a dramatic novel a series of supposititious events in the inner ring of the Christian Science hierarchy. Considered as a human drama *The Mother-Light* is sufficiently probable, logically and psychologically coherent, and, withal, extremely interesting. Yet in that it deals under the thinnest of disguises with an actual (and a very touchy) body corporate, the book is distinctly sensational.

Somewhere at the back of the top-shelf of memory there lurks the recollection of a dish called Whipped Syllabub. As one remembers it, it was mostly fog with unexpected and pleasant dashes of lemon in it. It has been reproduced in book form by Carolyn Wells and Harry P. Taber in *The Matrimonial Bureau*, wherein a nice old lady and several young ones, a number of love affairs and much inconsequential badinage have been whipped into a light fiction which is calculated to leave in the memory merely the recollection of a pleasant flavor.

The Blockaders is a book of stories for boys by James Barnes. They are rather good stories and will undoubtedly amuse the boys into whose hands they come. Yet it seems a pity to supply current fiction to the young, who have too many good things to catch up with to adopt the favorite literary prayer of their elders, "Give us this day the latest book."

J. B. Kerfoot.

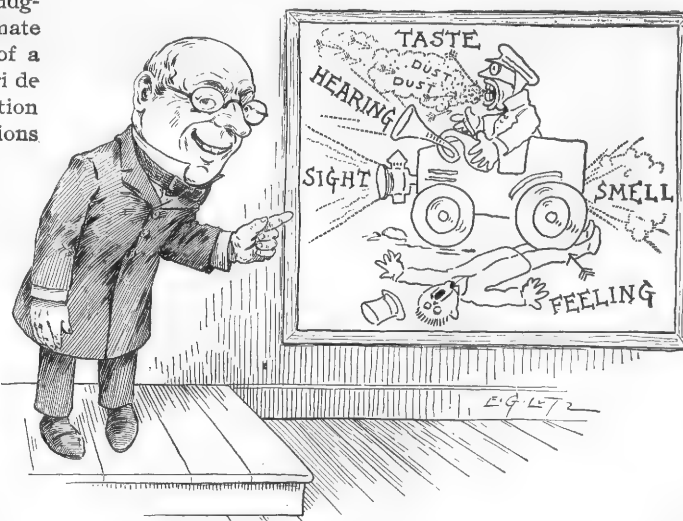
The Orchid. By Robert Grant. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)
Chatham. By Frederick Harrison. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.)
The Kaiser as He Is. By Henri de Nousanne. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
The Princess Passes. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)
The Mother-Light. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)
The Matrimonial Bureau. By Carolyn Wells and Harry Persons Taber. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)
The Blockaders. By James Barnes. (Harper and Brothers. 60c.)

ROBERT GRANT, who, in *The Undercurrent*, has already expressed himself seriously and with a high degree of artistic skill upon the subject of divorce, has indulged in a bit of quiet humor at the expense of the society attitude toward the question in *The Orchid*, a little novel which concerns itself with the doings of a fashionable suburban colony on Long Island, and wherein, behind the matter-of-course treatment of a more than up-to-date matrimonial double shuffle, one detects, and enjoys, a sardonic grin on the face of the author.

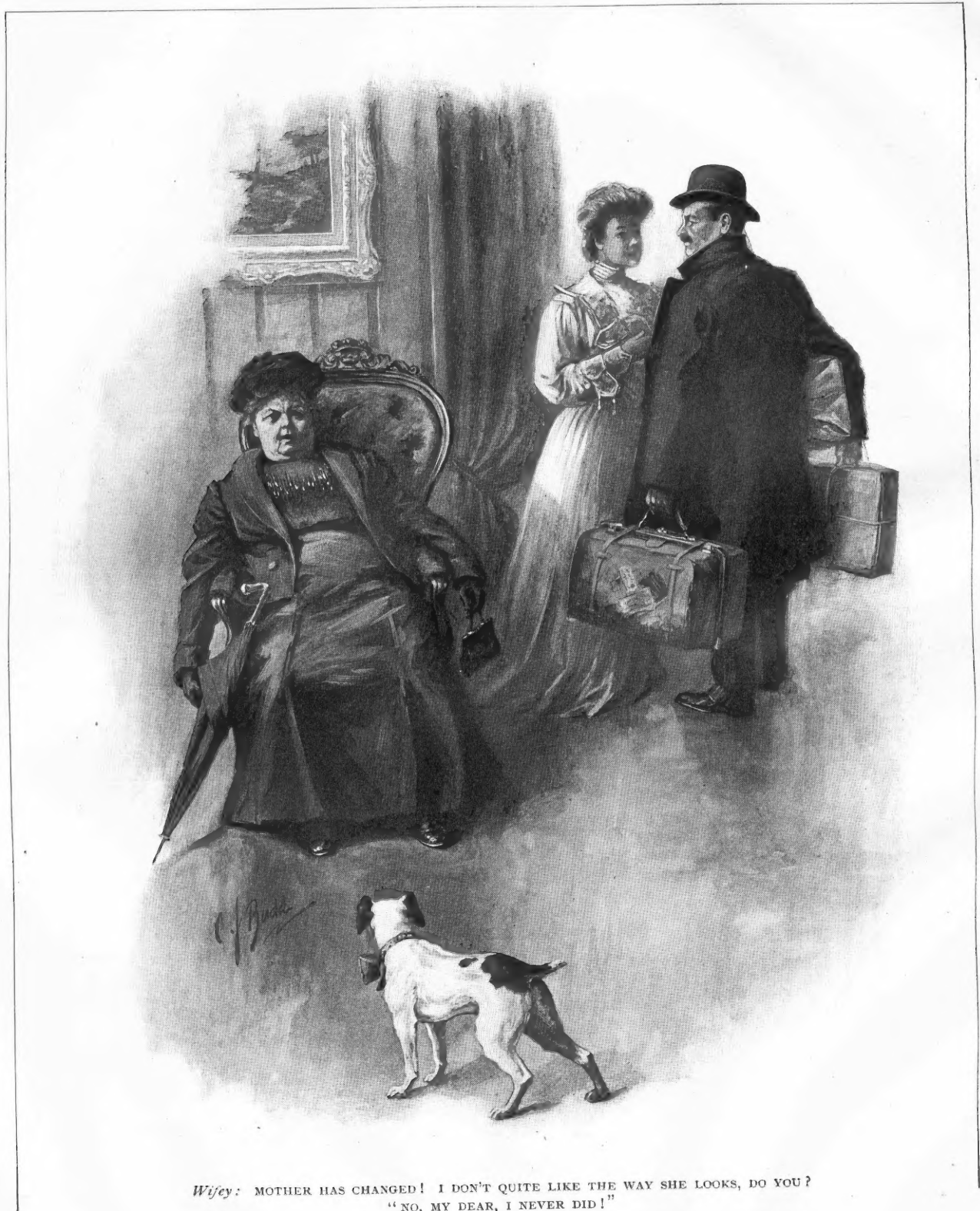
In attempting a critical biography of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, Mr. Frederick Harrison has chosen at once a bold and a fascinating task. Bold, because of the inevitable comparison he challenges. Fascinating, because there is no character in English history since the Restoration of such intellectual stature and such moral contradictions. The unqualified success of his *Chatham*, therefore, is a double triumph, and the little volume will probably be one of his chief claims to a permanent consideration.

It is a far cry from such a work, summarizing the judgment of a century and a quarter, to a contemporary estimate of a living ruler, and it is only the insistent claims of a serious intent and a skillful execution made for Henri de Nousanne's *The Kaiser as He Is* that induce the mention of this latest volume about William II. Such compositions have usually a limited and well-defined range, running from unscrupulous abuse through veiled hostility to the attitude of the courtier or the adulation of the sycophant, and M. de Nousanne's book falls in the second division. Moreover, the Gallic wit and exuberance eulogized by the translator seem to have disappeared in the translation.

C. N. and A. M. Williamson, the authors of *The Lightning Conductor* and the pioneer chauffeurs to drive a touring car through the land of Romance, have written a new story, *The Princess Passes*, whose characters have the same faculty of putting one on good terms with human nature, and whose descriptions have the same astonishing trick of describing. The scenes are in the Alps, and the lovers in the first tale are the *deii ex machina* (in this case a 60 H. P. Mercedes) of a new love comedy.



Schoolmaster: NOW, CHILDREN, OUR NEXT LESSON IS ON THE FIVE SENSES. TO ILLUSTRATE OUR SUBJECT I HAVE DRAWN A PICTURE OF AN AUTOMOBILE—EXAMINE IT CLOSELY, EVERYONE.



Wife: MOTHER HAS CHANGED! I DON'T QUITE LIKE THE WAY SHE LOOKS, DO YOU?
"NO, MY DEAR, I NEVER DID!"



WORSE THAN SPLIT INFINITIVES.

[We are sometimes absurdly told—in the school-room—that we may not end a sentence with a preposition.]

I state a rule there is no doubt of.
To let a preposition end
A sentence is, my little friend,
A habit you must grow up out of.

It is the most distressing blunder
You can come near to. It would shock
The dullest, most unlettered stock
Australia can send up from under.

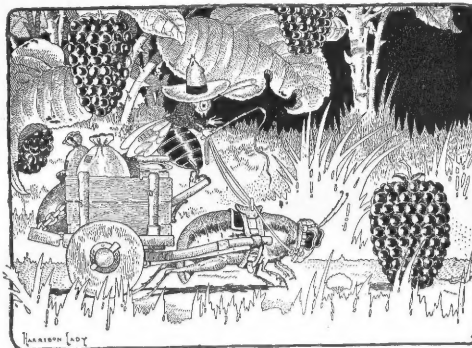
Such errors you should make a scoff of.
When on the sodden drenched grass plat,
Inform nurse with a smile that that
You really can't come in from off of.

This little lesson to be through with:
When to the country you are bid,
Inquire not whom, as once I did,
The country you'll be sent down to with!
—The London Chronicle.

AN elderly resident of a village in western New York still tells with some glee, according to "Case and Comment," the story of his aspirations to become justice of the peace many years ago, when his youthful temper was not always under control. He says he went to the leader of the dominant party in the town, still well remembered for his prominence in that locality, and with whom he was on familiar terms, and told him that he would like to get the nomination for justice of the peace. The answer he got, pronounced with great deliberation and dignity, was: "A—, you are just as fit for justice of the peace as h—l is for a powder house."—New York Tribune.

"LEONIDAS," said Mr. Meekton's wife, "look me in the eye and answer me one question. Have you ever deceived me about anything?"

"Well, Henrietta," he answered, after much hesitation, "I must confess that I have not been altogether frank. On numerous occasions I have dissembled to the extent of trying to appear far more amiable than I really felt."—Washington Star.



Farmer Buzzwing: THEY CAN TALK ALL THEY WANT TO ABOUT THE NEW-FANGLED AUTOMOBILES, BUT A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED HORSEFLY IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

WHEN asked by her teacher to describe the backbone, a Norborne schoolgirl said: "The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck."—Ex.

HE WAS VERY MUCH ALIVE.

When visiting one of the primary schools some years ago, the day before Memorial Day, or Decoration Day, as it was then more generally called, I, as usual, as a member of the School Board, addressed the pupils. When closing I said:

"Well, children, you have a holiday to-morrow. What day is it?"

"Decoration Day!" from all in unison.

"What do you do on Decoration Day?"

"Decorate the soldiers' graves," said all together again.

"Why do you decorate their graves any more than others?"

This was a sticker, but finally one little fellow held up his hand.

"Well, sir, why is it?"

"Because they are dead and we ain't."—Boston Herald.

"How do I know," she plaintively asked, "that you haven't told me all this so that you can have the privilege of hugging and kissing me for a while?"

"Oh, well, if you want proof of my sincerity, I'll promise not to hug or kiss you until we are married."

"No, George, no!" she cried, "don't say that! Think me foolish if you will, but don't think me cruel!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

J. HAMPTON MOORE, the new chief of the bureau of manufactures of the Department of Commerce and Labor, is noted in Philadelphia for his perspicacity. Slim, quick, bright-eyed, Mr. Moore has the appearance of a young man of elegance and leisure. He is, instead of that, a hard and successful worker, and in Philadelphia his advice upon financial matters is valued highly.

A young woman the other day said to Mr. Moore:

"I have inherited \$25,000. I hesitate whether to invest this money in Government bonds, which pay only 3 per cent., or in Zaza Gold Mine stocks, which pay 15 per cent. What do you advise me to do?"

Mr. Moore smiled.

"If you want to dine well," he said, "choose the gold-mine investment. But choose the other if you want to sleep well."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LIFE is published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

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Explaining the Menu.

AN Easterner on his way to California was delayed by the floods in Kansas and was obliged to spend the night in a humble hotel—the best in the town. The bill of fare at dinner time was not very elaborate, but the traveller noticed with joy that at the bottom of the card, printed with pen and ink, was a startling variety of pies.

He liked pies, and there were custard, lemon, squash, rhubarb, Washington, chocolate, mince, apple and berry pies and several other varieties. He called the waitress to him.

"Please get me some rhubarb pie," said he.

"I'm afraid we ain't got any rhubarb pie," she drawled.

He took another glance at the list. "Well, get me some squash pie, please."

"We haven't got that either."

"Berry pie?"

"No."

"Lemon pie?"

"No."

"Chocolate pie?"

"I'm sorry, we—"

"Well, what on earth are they all written down here for? On to-day's bill of fare, too!"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the girl, apologetically. "That list is always written down there for show when we have mince pie, because when we have mince pie no one asks for anything else."—*Youth's Companion*.

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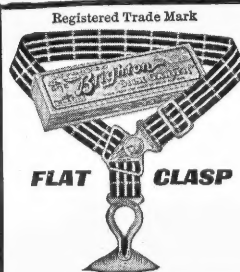
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in Quality

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"Oh! yes, I am," said Alice. "There's Peter's Chocolate on the table, and that's always inviting."

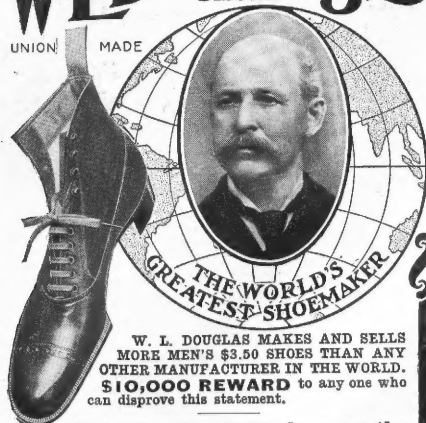
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